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appearances, another and a last number is, I understand, in course of preparation: I suppose to complete the set for sale.

The next in order is, or was rather, the Irish Catholic Magazine published monthly, though not every month. The death of this unfortunate periodical is chiefly to be ascribed to the narrow sectarian principle upon which it set out, and the rigid adherence, "through good and evil report," to that daring principle in its subsequent conduct: but abstract polemical disquisition, and religious dogmatical discussion were not at all to the taste of the reading public of our city, and the consequences of the experiment were easily foreseen from the reception of the first number; only two or three hundred copies sold. It was projected and supported by a few highly respectable and talented Roman Catholic clergymen, in conjunction with, I believe, a *laic* or two by way of sprinkling: they calculated, and not without some shadow of reason too, upon the co-operation of their own order, sufficiently at least to ensure its certain existence for any length of time they chose to let it live: but the *esprit de corps* for which that body has ever been so celebrated, failed for once—from what causes I am unable to conjecture, and the Irish Catholic Magazine after a most painful and distressing non-age, expired last September.

Have you ever heard of the Bagatelle? I am satisfied you have not, and am therefore determined that you shall hear about it now. The Bagatelle was, I may almost say, the very antithesis of its name. In place of being the merry, rattling, care-defying, dare-devil thing that its designation, to the unsophisticated, would be likely to import, it was on the contrary, with the exception of the two last mentioned periodicals, the most melancholy thing that Cork ever produced. When I say melancholy, I mean with respect to the Bagatelle, as an instance of the vanity of human hopes, and the futility of human confidence. Promises innumerable, of every description of support, from pen and purse, were lavished on the proprietors at its outset; a long list of subscribers was pointed to in perspective; and public favour was decided on as certain by their *soi-disant* friends and flatterers. But the promises were forgotten; and the subscribers were slow of coming in; and the "crack contributions" were a-wanting; and the public hardly heard of its existence, and so, like many other good things, it at last perished. Edited by one of the most talented men in the south of Ireland, a finished poet, an accomplished and popular orator, and a sensible and clever prose writer, with all his efforts, its existence could not be protracted beyond the first brief Quarter: at the expiration of that period, it ceased to live. I forgot to tell you that it was a weekly publication.

The next and last on our list is the Freeholder. This little paper, published every ten or eleven days, dealt principally in local anecdote and personal history. It was discontinued, after a long and successful career, about a twelvemonth since; but there are rumours afloat of its revival.

You must, I am sure, be pretty well wearied now, with this tedious epistle. I shall therefore in mercy to you conclude. In my next I may give you some notice of the long departed literature of this city, these are only the recently expired; or of the newspaper press and its dependencies.

I. S.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER OF WESTMINSTER.

Doubtless, my dear President, you thought I was dead, and you said, "poor fellow, the peripatetic will walk no more, and journalize no more observations on the world, and the people that be therein;" and then you turned to your occupations, and wrote a jocose critique for the Gazette. But I was not dead, as you may perceive, I was worse—far worse—in short I was in the rheumatism, that most horrible continuity of cramping pain, that knoweth not rest by day, nor permitteth the sweet obliviousness of sleep by night. The bitterness of January and February passed away without hope, and the mildness of a part of March engendered a hope which ended only in disappointment. Then came April, a lucky month they say for fools, but certainly not for philosophers. I waited day after day, for the bonne fortune of a "notice to quit," on the part of Monsieur le Rheumatism—but it came not—at last on the 29th, "Och, I'll ever remember the day," as our friend O'Shea used to sing—an acquaintance, no: a "damned good-natured friend," brought me the Blackwood for May, damp and odorous, from Cadell's Mail parcel. The villain had seen the Shepherd's receipt for curing the rheumatism, and had the cruelty to come to regale me with the jest. The effect was singular: after having with the little strength that was left to me, and infinite pain, thrown at my visitor's head my bottle of mustard seed, the last "infallible remedy," which had been recommended to me, together with my night-cap, and all and sundry the other misiles within my reach; and having ordered him to leave the presence, in a voice too peremptory for any but a rheumatic philosopher, I 'back recoiled' upon my couch, and through sheer exhaustion, fell asleep.

"Our life is two-fold—sleep hath its own world,
And dreams in their development have tears,
And tortures, and the touch of joy."*

Tortures, indeed! I dreamt, Sir, that I went through the process described by the shepherd. I actually endured all that horrible agony. I recollect still, the horrible sharp pinches of the old hag who was called in to perform the operation of "nipping." Her fingers were all bone—thin sharp bone; and there was a something devilish in the grin, not amounting to a laugh, with which she greeted my writhings. Then was I whipped with switches, and scrubbed with brushes, which I well knew could not be of bristles, for never were bristles so strong, and rugged: no, Sir, they must have been of split whalebone, and they tore up my skin, which was afterwards scourged with nettles. But even all this was nothing compared to the horror of the siccatory operation. I thought I tried to yell out at that, though I had borne all the rest like a man; but they stifled my cries by dragging up the feather bed over my face: this was too much. I knew then, that deliberate murder must be intended; so with the desperate energy of one in the death-grip, I exerted a strength equal to that of Ajax, or of 'ten such articulating mortals as now tread the earth,' and pushed the yielding mass over against the opposing fiends that sought to smother me. I awoke—and, oh!

* We have been dreaming dreams lately ourselves: we shall present our readers with specimens, in a dreamy article next week.

powers of perspiration! what a state I was in: the couch swam—but thanks to providence—to Blackwood's Magazine, and to my "damned good-natured friend," the rheumatism was utterly gone. I was weak, very weak, but in a few days I was able to crawl forth into the balmy air, and here, even in Westminster, to look at the glorious works of God, exhibited in the vigorous spring around me, and the sunny skies above. The sunbeams were dancing upon the water too in St. James's Park, and upon the margin of the little islands which be therein—and the long lines of old trees covered with young green leaves, invited me to the delicious shade and coolness of the adjoining walks.

Within the enclosure were groups of nicely dressed happy looking children playing about; and under some big trees, near the water's side, aged people were sitting upon chairs, some reading a book, some a newspaper, and some enjoying the luxury of perfect ease and idleness, with no occupation but their own meditations.

It would be worth while, but it would take too long just now, to compare this place, and its apparent innocence and tranquillity, with the scenes which five minutes walk into the Strand, and the parts that do adjacent lie, would present to the view of a Peripatetic—this I shall do some other time in my journal, but at present I was too well disposed to pleasurable reflection, to seek to mar it by the knowledge of evil as well as of good, and I walked home to my early chop of mutton, and to look at the pile of books, which, during my confinement to a sick chamber, my worthy bibliophile had, in compliance with my standing orders, accumulated on my table. I glanced at many, but that which immediately fastened my attention, and actually held me, a mere convalescent, up till midnight, was Leitch Ritchie's "Game of Life." Have you read that book? He must, indeed, have been a Peripatetic to some purpose—but what a fearful appalling bitterness there is in his descriptions. He strips off the surface-skin with which vanity and imagination, working together, are willing to clothe the affairs of life, such as occur day by day before us, and he holds up the bare reality to our view, quivering with life and painfulness.—He has dreadful deliberation in him, he spares us not, and the sarcastic coolness of his lighter moods, almost reminds one of the laughter of the damned, wherein there is no merriment. The book is very frightful, but withal it is very true. If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves—and we do thus deceive ourselves, every day—every hour. We think we are "just well enough," and that we shall "purge and live cleanly" a few years before we die, and so all will be well; but, like your Irish friend, we "think a damned lie." Our badness is only to be equalled by one thing, and that is, the extremeness of our folly—our miserable folly, which is continually rejecting the good and the simple, and embracing and holding fast all manner of frauds, affectations, vanities, and lies, all lies, and we partly know them to be lies, but we hug our own deceit—we go with the stream;—we have not "leisure to be good!"—

* It is plain that our respected friend has suffered a much greater misfortune than any rheumatism, however acute; he must have been prevented reading the D. L. G. or he could not have asked this question. We should thank him to glance at No. 16, where he will find the "Game of Life" described as a work of intense though painful interest, just tallying with his own rheumatic views.

En.

we smile and cheat—and die, and rot, and— But I grow frantic, and not philosophical. There is some good in the world after all—some truth—some kindness—some affection. Nevertheless, they are all shamefully adulterated with the world's affectations.

I would go and live in the woods, but that I have become accustomed to the world's conveniences, and cannot do without them; I must, therefore, still be a dweller in Westminster, and a

PERIPATETIC.

THE VALLEY OF LA ROCHE.

(For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

[The following narrative may, perhaps, meet with more indulgence, as it is founded on facts of a somewhat recent date: it is no more than a detail of real events, and owes its great simplicity of incident to the author's endeavour to depart as little as possible from simple truth in the relation. The names both of persons and places are of course fictitious.]

In the North of Ireland, it matters not how long ago, there stood the romantic little chateau of "La Roche;" it was situated in a beautifully-wooded vale, that slumbered beneath the shade of rugged and uncultivated hills, which surrounded it on every side. The rapid mountain stream, when they reached the smiling meadow that clothed the fertile bosom of this luxuriant spot, settled into a calm and gentle flow, lingering, as if unwilling to leave so much loveliness and peace, and ran gently murmuring down their winding channels, on whose banks, spring never failed to shower, with a profuse hand, the choicest flowers of nature's growth. Here clusters of violets shed their sweet perfumes to the breeze that sighed wantonly around; and there a single primrose peeped forth, in modest diffidence, amid a profusion of king-cups and wild poppies; numerous herds were seen here and there cropping the rich pastures, or lazily sauntering beside the banks of the rivulets, that they might catch the freshness of the breeze that whispered over their waters. The chateau was surrounded on all sides by a grove of the most luxuriant foliage, except in front, where the prospect opened on an extensive lawn, clothed in the softest green, and interspersed with clumps of trees which served to shade the panting flocks that dotted the pastures in the sultry summer-days, as well as to adorn and diversify the scene.

In this happy valley, remote from the busy scenes of life, in which her younger days had been rioting away unprofitably, and without pleasure, lived the widow of Major Ashmore: she had but just reached this secluded spot with her husband, who had at length (after having served many a rough campaign,) given up the pursuits of active life, when the old soldier, worn out by the effects of wounds and uncongenial climates, and overcome by the toilsome journey it had been his lot to make through life, expired; this loss weighed heavily on the heart of his afflicted widow, and as there was nothing nearer or dearer to resign her to the necessary afflictions of this life, she turned her thoughts wholly to the education of her two children, the only pledges of his love.

Frederic and Alice Ashmore, were too young to feel the loss of a parent's care; and their little bosoms heaved no sigh, as they gazed on

the lifeless body, nor did the chill that rested upon his pallid lips strike deeply to their hearts, as they pressed, almost smilingly, upon them their last farewell. The days of their childhood passed away: Frederic, now in his eighteenth year, was a noble-minded, high-spirited youth, full of gay hopes and wild desires; in person, nature had done all for him that the fondest parent could have wished; his tall, manly figure had been so shaped out by exercise for activity and strength, that the valley of la Roche boasted no one that could equal him in agility. Often did the first glow of morning meet his healthful brow upon the summit of some of those rocky and almost inaccessible hills that skirted the house; and often was he seen dashing fearlessly over yawning precipices, that even the wild goat had failed in attempting to scale, always accompanied by a faithful little spaniel, the companion of all his dangers and pleasures. His anxious mother watched the development of this daring spirit, and would kindly reprove his too great love of rushing into unnecessary dangers; but the reckless youth would smile away her fears, and comfort her with assurances of being less hazardous for the future. His countenance, as regarded feature, bore a stronger resemblance to the Spanish, than to those of his own country, but it wanted the dark, supercilious expression of the former, while it partook largely of the frankness and buoyancy of look of the Irish; a profusion of long dark locks curled over a finely intellectual forehead, and his eye always beamed with a brilliancy and light that infused gaiety and spirit into whatever he said; sometimes, too, when he would smile, a silent pang throbbled in his mother's heart, for it reminded her of lips which in youth and age had smiled upon her ever the same. His sister, a year younger, partook more of the timid and retiring nature of her mother, and would sit pensively breathing some sweet song to her harp, or weeping over some foolish tale of broken vows, while her brother pursued in the fields the ruder amusements of more hardy boyhood, though sometimes he would forego the pleasure of encountering danger, that he might wander, arm-in-arm with her, through the grove, or by the winding stream.

It was at this period, when the thoughtless and unconnected ideas of the child begin to merge into the more fixed, and refined, and luxurious sentiments of the man, and the young heart begins to feel a want that it knew not before, that Lucy M——, a niece of Mrs. A——'s, and entrusted to her care by the will of her mother, who had just died, arrived at la Roche. Nursed up in the lap of affluence and power, Lucy had, however, escaped the corruption of feeling attendant on either.— Gifted with the most fascinating expression of face, and elegant formation of figure, and at the same time graceful, and unrestrained by any effort for effect, she possessed the most highly cultivated mind, which reserved its beauties, not flinging them away on every worthless occasion, but remaining rather silent and shy in society that was uncongenial to her; yet she possessed a vivacity of disposition, and a child-like pleasantry of manner, which took from the awe with which one generally approaches "learned ladies." In her countenance, corresponding to such a mind, one could trace sense without gloom or affectation, and gaiety of heart without weakness of understanding; she loved poetry, not for talk's-sake, but for its

own; nor did she regard Milton, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, merely as the fashionable task-masters of the day—whose writings are only useful in supplying topics for ball-room tittle-tattle, when all native resources are exhausted—but flew to them as the haven where the mind may calm itself, when the storms and vexations of life gather around it. Calculated, then, as woman is, even with all her faults,* to win our affections, and engross our thoughts, is it to be wondered that the lovely mourner, with perfections equally distributed, both of mind and body, failed not to make a deep and lasting impression on the heart of the young and ardent Frederic.

Clad in the sober livery of woe, the parentless girl stole imperceptibly into his affections. Like the thirsty traveler, who at length hears the gushing of the distant fountain, he had found what his heart panted for; he no longer sought the rugged mountain-top, but, as if she breathed a happiness around, he felt a heaviness of spirit when she was absent.

Stretched beside the murmuring streamlet, he would listlessly lounge away hour after hour, in meditation and silence; nature seemed clothed with a new garb, and all her beauties he referred to the one grand original that perpetually haunted his imagination, from her the rose borrowed its blush, the lily her spotless white, and the violet her unostentatious retiringness; he envied the happy tenants of the grove, who warbled their little tales of love in jocund strains around, not condemned, like him, to linger in solitary pensiveness—gazing on the object of his affections, but not daring to tell her that he loved. The valley no more echoed his joyous song, and even the blandishments of his favourite spaniel were forgotten. Nor was Lucy quite callous to those silent manifestations of disinterested affection, but with the discerning eye of growing affection, marked the embarrassments of "love's young votary;" nor did she misinterpret the rapture that beamed in his eye when they met, or the sigh that hovered upon his lip when they parted; if his voice trembled when he addressed her, she felt a faint blush, perhaps of pride, mantle over her cheek, conscious of the agency of her charms in promoting the change. Thus, while the silly girl deemed that she was but watching the progress of a first passion in her youthful lover, she had been all the time growing more and more its victim. But she was "too deeply blessed" to feel the poison through her spirit creeping, and pitied the agitating development of it in another, though it was stealing over her own heart.

She had slumbered on in this delicious ignorance, loving fondly and doatingly, without feeling its pangs, or partaking in its miseries, when the receipt of a letter from an old military friend of his father's, offering Frederic a commission, which he had with difficulty been able to procure, totally changed the aspect of affairs in the chateau of the rocky valley. The delighted youth assented to the proposal unhesitatingly; but when his eyes met Lucy's, the thought of a separation was too much for him, and the enraptured boy became as silent, and as sad, as he had been before noisy and joyous. Then, for the first time, did Lucy perceive how fondly and irrevocably she loved, and the frequent tear would burst forth unwittingly, as she called to mind the silent homage of adoring looks, that

* Faults indeed! 'tis well seen the tale is by a lady.
Ed.